

DISCONTENT

"MOTHER OF PROGRESS"

Entered at the Postoffice at Home, Wash., as Second Class Matter.

VOL. III. NO. 15.

HOME, WASH., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1900.

WHOLE NO. 119.

THE SILLY SEASON.

Of all the things that people do,
In summer, spring or fall,
Their attitude in politics
Shows up the worst of all.
Republicans and Democrats,
And Pops upon the side;
Put up the blinds at 'lection times,
Their foolishness to hide.

But let them turn which way they will,
As on their heads they shout,
To every one who reads and thinks,
The foolishness crops out.
Farmers, mechanics, tradesmen, too,
And others we could name,
Are all split up in factions,
When their interests are the same.

Each one believes his party
Is what the people need,
And if it does not triumph,
The country goes to seed.
And so he cheers his party,
And lauds it to the skies,
Because the dust of prejudice
Has been cast in his eyes.

It looks as though of common sense
They didn't have a grain;
Let men act so in business,
We'd say they were insane.
Some seem to think prosperity,
In a wave just five miles high,
Is going to strike the workingman,
And waft him to the sky.

Or we shall get free silver
Piled on us more and more,
'Till European nations dump
Their surplus on our shore.
These mountains of white metal,
Piled on the eastern side,
Will cause the continent to tip,
Then off the earth we'll slide.

And then I guess the money power
Will get us by the throat,
And feed us silver dollars
Until they sink our boat.
Of all the things we ever see,
In summer, spring or fall,
That makes men most ridiculous,
Is politics—that's all.

—M. D. Cram.

FREE COMMUNISM VS. FREE COMMERCIALISM. No. 2.

Mr. Brinkerhoff errs in supposing that I seek to compel him to use my method of argument. I wish to remind him that a definition or explanation is not a system of logic. It makes no difference to me whether my opponent uses the inductive or the deductive method of reasoning when we get into the discussion proper. In insisting upon each other's understanding of the main terms—Free Commercialism and Free Communism—I am pursuing the course which appeals to the sound judgment of all intelligent people. One of the ablest and most interesting debates I ever heard was upon this very subject, between John Turner, of London, Eng., who represented the school of Free Communism, and Henry Cohen, of this city, who stood for Free Commercialism, during the visit of the former to this city in 1897. Both men were thoroughly competent to represent their respective doctrines. It was mutually agreed upon the start that each should define the other's doctrine, and so well versed were both in the different theories that each accepted, almost without amendment, the other's definition.

No time was lost in beating about the bush, and all those who were invited to listen to the debate unanimously agreed that this method not only saved considerable time but prevented misunderstanding.

It is a very simple thing that I am asking Mr. Brinkerhoff, and easily complied with. If he supposes that I expect to gain any undue advantage by insisting upon a clear definition he is greatly mistaken. I am sure it would be as much to his benefit as to mine. It is not necessary to follow up a line of definition with "a chapter of explanation," but even if a full explanation were given at the outset it would by no means be a waste of time or space. The discussion is to be practically without limit, according to Mr. Brinkerhoff's own suggestion, and DISCONTENT has promised to give us all the space we need. I do not care to argue at cross purposes, and we shall both surely do so unless we have at the beginning an understanding of each other's theory. This seems to me fair and just, and there should be no quibble about such a simple matter.

Mr. Brinkerhoff's short definition of Free Commercialism as "the condition that society will be in when government is absent" is, to say the least, exceedingly vague, and his amendment immediately following that "Free Commercialism is the condition that society will be in when government is practically absent or reduced to a minimum" is not one whit clearer; in fact, neither is a definition at all, but a simple assertion, and I might assert the same thing of Free Communism, and, perhaps, be nearer the truth. Both alleged definitions leave a very wide field for the imagination to work in, while neither throws any positive light upon the subject. If my opponent is suffering from "a lack of acquaintance with the subject matter to which it (the definition) is to be applied" I feel exceedingly sorry for him. The subject is rather abstract, but I promise to make my meaning clear by using the simplest language, and I hope we shall get along.

I did not ask Mr. Brinkerhoff to give "the definitions of various Free Communists" or to quote any definition of mine from the Twentieth Century or any other publication, and unless he can indorse such definitions I hope he will not do so. What I am after is his own definition, or some definition and explanation that he can accept; which is what I asked for at the start, leaving me to explain what I understand by the term Free Commercialism. But since I can get no apparent satisfaction by waiting for him to begin, I will take the initiative by defining the doctrine of Free Commercialism as I understand it, and then if for any reason my opponent still demurs against explaining what he understands Free Communism to be, I will define and explain that also; and Mr. Brinkerhoff can then assume either the

aggressive or defensive attitude, and argue according to whatever system of logic he pleases.

I understand the theory of Free Commercialism (or Individualist Anarchism) to be this:

"The doctrine that all the affairs of men should be managed by individuals or voluntary associations, and that the state should be abolished." Rent, interest and profit are made possible only through legal privilege or monopoly. All forms of monopoly must be abolished by destroying the state, and opportunities then being equal the wealth created by labor will flow into natural channels, enriching those who are in equity entitled to it. There are four principal forms of monopoly: pertaining to money, land, trade and patents. According to this school the money question is the most important, and monopoly of money the first to be considered. This form of monopoly is to be abolished by repealing the 10 per cent tax imposed upon all who issue money except the general government. By making the business of banking free to all, competition would reduce the price of issuing money to labor cost, which it is estimated, would be less than one per cent. Unrestricted competition, it is also claimed, would free capital and bring the price of its use down to cost. Thus interest would fall and an unprecedented demand for labor of all kinds would result; wages would rise until it absorbed the whole of the labor product. Business would be on a continuous boom; both land and house rent would fall to almost nothing, while absolute free trade and the abolition of patent monopoly would further augment the production and enjoyment of wealth. Freedom being secured by the abolition of the state, Free Commercialists would set to work to organize industry, issue money (through mutual banks), establish commerce, and provide for insurance not only against calamities caused by the elements but against the invasive acts of individuals. To punish such invasive acts, courts, jails and, perhaps, hangmen would be needed, and this protection would be furnished (presumably at cost) to all who wished to pay for it by private associations or by associations on a cooperative basis. Like associations would also be organized to adjudicate all differences which could not be settled by the parties themselves. The institution of private property would be maintained inviolate.

I believe I have given quite a complete synopsis, or explanation, of the theory of Anarchist Individualism (which I was the first to name Free Commercialism), and believe further that this explanation would be accepted by the best informed people confessing adherence to that school. The definition in quotation marks at the beginning of the explanation is by Benjamin R. Tucker, and is taken verbatim from his "Instead of a Book."

Now, the foregoing is what I understand Free Commercialism to be. Does Mr. Brinkerhoff accept it as his definition and explanation? If so, we are prepared for a definition and explanation of Free Communism, which I prefer he should give; but, as already stated, if he does not care to do so I will in my next paper. If the above explanation is not satisfactory to Mr. Brinkerhoff, and if he has any other, will he be kind enough to state it, as briefly or as fully as he may wish? We shall then each have a basis for his own and the other fellow's argument; and I promise my opponent that when in the regular course of the discussion we come to the question of free juries I will not dodge the issue.

WM. HOLMES.

The tendencies of the times favor the idea of self government, and leave the individual, for all code, to the rewards and penalties of his own constitution, which work with more energy than we believe, while we depend on artificial restraints. The movement in this direction has been very marked in modern history. Much has been blind and discreditable, but the nature of the revolution is not affected by the vices of the revolters; for this is a purely moral force. It was never adopted by any party in history, neither can be. It separates the individual from all party, and unites him, at the same time, to the race. It promises a recognition of higher rights than those of personal freedom or the security of property. A man has a right to be employed, to be trusted, to be loved, to be revered. The power of love, as the basis of a state, has never been tried. We must not imagine that all things are lapsing into confusion if every tender protestant be not compelled to bear his part in certain social conventions; nor doubt that roads can be built, letters carried, and the fruit of labor secured, when the government of force is at an end.—Emerson.

Well, now, we want neither parson nor magistrate. And we say simply: Does assafoetida stink? Does the snake bite me? Does the liar deceive me? And the plant, the reptile and the man are obeying a need of their natures. So be it. Well, I, for my part, also obey a need of my nature in hating the plant that stinks, the reptile that kills with its venom, and the man who is still more venomous than the animal. And I shall act in consequence, without addressing myself either to the devil, with whom I have not the honor of being acquainted, or to the magistrate, whom I detest even more than the snake. I, and all those who share my antipathies, also obey the needs of our natures. And we shall see which of the two has reason, and therefore force, on his side.—Kropotkin.

To limit love
Is hopeless. Can a man control the sea,
Or make monopoly of skies above,
Or into selfish breast direct sole flow
Of nature's influence? Immensity
Defies possession.

—Miriam Daniels.

DISCONTENT

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PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT HOME, WASH., BY
DISCONTENT PUBLISHING GROUP.

50 CENTS A YEAR

Address all communications and make
all money orders payable to DISCON-
TENT, Home, Wash.

IN COMMEMORATION.

Somewhere in every country of civiliza-
tion the Eleventh of November will be
commemorated by the friends of the
working people. As we gather in groups
in our places of meeting, be they in
small halls in little villages or in large
assemblies in the great cities, we will
know that in every part of the world
our brothers, actuated by a common im-
pulse, are thinking, speaking, feeling
with us. It will strengthen the links
which unite us, and our bond of fratern-
ity will be developed. It is a thing to
rejoice over that the martyrdom of Chi-
cago is, with each passing year, being
more generally remembered. The com-
rades in every country now endeavor to
hold some kind of commemorative exer-
cises, and even among the people who
do not exactly think and act with us,
but who love justice and fairness, a re-
spectful remembrance is being observed.

It has been said that we are in danger
of becoming hero worshipers, by taking
occasion each year to remember the de-
votion of our dead comrades, and the
tragedy which ended their lives, in ap-
propriate words and exercises. We who
knew them personally, and worked and
suffered with them for a time, might be
excused for making much of them and
for never ceasing to grieve at their loss.
But we will not make gods of them, and
we will not forget the living heroes of
today. There is much to be done and
much to be remembered. We have
room in our hearts for all.

The peculiar situation is such that
those of us who participated in the
scenes of 1886 and 1887 can scarcely say
too much or say it too often. The case
has been so terribly misrepresented; the
press of the country was so entirely in
the hands of the class which persecuted
the men, the spirit fostered at that time
was so vindictive, that even now, 13
years after their deaths, our own sym-
pathizers are mistaken in many things,
and much concerning the case has never
reached their ears; while the general
public are yet so misinformed, are so
prejudiced, that they believe the eight
men were miscreants and murderers who
well deserved their fate.

In the present campaign the ambitious
Roosevelt refers in sneering terms, which
reveal his ignorance, to Governor Alt-
geld as having been hand and glove with
murderers and criminals, meaning his
manly and just act in releasing Samuel
Fielden, Michael Schwab and Oscar
Neebe, and giving his many good rea-
sons. The monied class might have par-
doned his releasing the prisoners, if he
had done so quietly and said nothing
about it. But when he came out in that
inimitable little work and exposed the
conspiracies, the perjury, the vindictive-
ness, the treacherous work by which the
eight men had been condemned, they
were wild. No punishment could be too
bad to visit upon the head of the wise,

able and just man who would have jus-
tice though the heavens fell.

In the years from 1882 to 1886 our com-
rades were engaged in active, devoted,
earnest labor agitation work. They did
not so much expound a philosophy, or
explain a theory, as they endeavored to
arouse in the workers a sense of their
rights as producers of all wealth, to urge
upon them to protest against the gradual
encroachments of the capitalist class.
At this particular time the money power
was beginning to feel the great impor-
tance of their position. It had not been
long that a "working class" had existed
in America, aside from the chattel slave.
The existence of the masses of Ameri-
can people as wageslaves, a class depend-
ent upon them for employment, helpless
as they bid them come and go, had only
recently given them a realizing sense
of their power and magnitude. They
were taking it upon themselves to outdo
the despots of the east. Soldiers to
shoot at their bidding, prisons to hold
rebellious workers, deputies to carry out
their plans, were at their command,
and they used them.

The situation was in reality a terrible
one. Such men as Spies, Parsons and
Fielden foresaw the complete subjugation
of the working classes if no resist-
ance was made. They worked in any
field where the best agitation could be
carried on, and joined the 8-hour move-
ment early in the spring of 1886. There
were turbulent times that spring, and
many a workingman and private citizen
with some women and children, bit
the dust at the hands of the hired
soldiers. The working people were
excited, but our comrades were peace-
makers rather than inciters to rash acts;
they wished an understanding of the
economic situation to precede organiza-
tion, and organization to precede any
decided movement. But among the
people generally a bitter feeling existed.
At the street-car strike of the year pre-
vious many good citizens had been
clubbed and badly injured by the police.
At trades-union meetings the police had
made themselves very obnoxious; they
were a well-hated class; therefore, when
a band of them marched together to
break up a peaceable meeting of the peo-
ple, it is no wonder some one in the
crowd should think it a good opportu-
nity to be revenged. It might have been
this way, or the bomb might have been
thrown by some emissary of the capital-
ists as a part of the conspiracy to get rid
of men whose ability and devotion were
gaining too great an influence. Not
even the prosecution claimed that the
prisoners threw any bomb or killed any-
one in any way.

The boys were tried for Anarchy, so
Grinnell said, but the law has no death
penalty for being an Anarchist. Guilty
of "Anarchy" they may have been, but
though innocent of murder, as proven
by the prosecution's own showing, they
were hung. All the misrepresentation
and abuse of the prosecution could not
make that fact any less true; all the ex-
cuses and justifications which even the
judge afterward felt called upon to make
could not clear away this truth.

This occasion, the anniversary of these
terrible days, is always marked with
melancholy and sadness to us who are
trying to carry on the work the martyrs
left. We think of all that is lost to us
and to the world; of the living martyrs
today whose fate is even worse than

theirs, and the prospects of more mar-
tyrdom to come. Yet we should not
yield ourselves entirely to these feelings;
our ideas are growing; every philosophy
is tinged with them; every thinker real-
izes somewhat the loftiness and great-
ness in them. Perpetual sadness will
not help the work of advancement.
With cheer and courage we should go
on, doing whatever seems to us the best
thing we can do to hasten the time of
liberty, equality and fraternity. We
should never forget our sacrificed com-
rades, never lose a chance to set them
right before the world, but, as they best
would like to have us, we must work on,
cheerily, bravely. I wish I could send
a greeting to all the friends and com-
rades in the world who are, with me,
remembering this eleventh day of No-
vember. LIZZIE M. HOLMES.

Denver, Colo.

THE SPIRIT OF CHANGE.

Modern ideas change rapidly. What
was yesterday the ruling impulse is to-
day looked upon as little better than
barbarous. The tendency is constantly
toward higher ideals. As the public
mind grows so also do the demands rise
to a higher plane. Widespread political
corruption is not more wrong today
than formerly, but the public mind is
beginning to get a fuller grasp upon the
 enormity of this crime against the race.
Commercial piracy, which regards the
accumulation of a fortune—no matter
how you get it—as all right, is facing a
new kind of thought, a new conscience,
in these closing days of the nineteenth
century. The old conscience said:
"Help the needy, give to the poor, en-
dow charities and philanthropies among
the submerged classes." The new social
conscience says: "Get off the backs of
the poor. Don't grind their faces and
destroy their lives in order to get your
ill-gotten gains with which to endow
your philanthropies. Give the poor jus-
tice and they will need no charity." There
ought to be no place for charity,
no need for it, in any enlightened civiliza-
tion, yet so long as we have this wide-
spread economic injustice, this univer-
sal fleecing of the wealth-producing
classes of all they produce except a bare
subsistence, that long will charity in
almsgiving be necessary.—Southern So-
cialist.

DECIDE FOR YOURSELF.

It is time we quit asking what Lincoln
would do, or what Jefferson would do, or
what Moses would do, or what Marx
would do, and decide for ourselves and
by our own original inspiration what we
are to do in the face of the world problem
that confronts us. No age or its leaders
can live by the inspiration and leader-
ship of a past age. There is always
more truth and resource in the present
than have ever been available in the
past.—Geo. D. Herron.

In abolishing rent and interest, the
last vestiges of old-time slavery, the
revolution abolishes at one stroke the
sword of the executioner, the seal of
the magistrate, the club of the police-
man, the gauge of the exciseman, the
erasing knife of the department clerk—
all these insignia of politics which young
liberty grinds beneath her heel.—Proudhon.

WAYS OF THE MONKEY.

Go to the monkey, thou voter, consid-
er his ways and be wise. Do the mon-
keys pay ground rent to the descendants
of the first old ape who discovered the
valley where the monkeys live?

Do they hire the trees from the chim-
panzee who first found the forest?

Do they buy the cocoanuts from the
great-great grandchildren of the gorilla
who invented a way to crack them?

Do they allow two or three monkeys
to form a corporation and obtain control
of all the paths that lead through the
woods?

Do they permit some smart young
monkey, with superior business ability,
to claim all the springs of water in the
forest as his own, because of some al-
leged bargain made by their ancestors
500 years ago?

Do they allow a small gang of monkey
lawyers to so tangle up their conceptions
of ownership that a few will obtain pos-
session of everything?

Do they appoint a few monkeys to
govern them and then allow those ap-
pointed monkeys to rob the tribe and
mismanage all its affairs?

Do they build up a monkey city and
then hand over the land, and the paths,
and the trees, and the springs, and the
fruits, to a few monkeys who sat on a
log and chattered while all the work was
going on?

If Prof. Garner, who claims to have
learned 40 words of the monkey lan-
guage, were to escort some reflective
chimpanzee around one of our cities,
the professor would find it rather diffi-
cult to explain some of the manners and
customs of a civilized nation.

The chimpanzee would be amazed to
see a \$500,000 house, with 40 rooms, con-
tain only a millionaire and his wife and
ten servants, while a \$10,000 tenement,
with 20 rooms, contained 40 people and
no servants.

He would be still further astounded to
see the ware-house district, where an
abundance of everything was stored,
close to the slum district, where the peo-
ple lacked the barest necessities of life.

He would be shocked to see an entire
street railway system, with hundreds of
miles of tracks, thousands of cars and
employes, and carrying millions of pas-
sengers every year, absolutely owned
and controlled by three or four men who
never built a car or drove a spike.

But when the professor would explain
to him that nine-tenths of the people in
the city were quite content to endure
such evils, and, in fact, grew quite angry
with anyone who proposed to remove
them, the chimpanzee would say: "Take
me back to the forest, and may the Good
Spirit deliver us from civilization."—H.
N. Casson.

Sex contains all, bodies, souls,
Meanings, proofs, parities, delicacies,
results, promulgations,
Songs, commands, health, pride, the
maternal mystery.

All hopes, benefactions, bestowals, all
the passions, loves, beauties, delights
of the earth.

These are contained in sex as parts of
itself and justifications of itself.

—Walt Whitman.

True love in this differs from gold and
clay.

That to divide is not to take away.
Love is like understanding, that grows
bright,

Growing on many truths.

—Shelley.

CHAINS.

BY NELLIE M. JERAULD.

CHAPTER XIX.

Before James Bryington left Colorado he paid the doctor and the nurse. Ida searched Miss Gaskell's trunk in the hope of finding the address of a relative or friend. As she took out the trunk trays she smiled as she said to James: "No one but Miss Gaskell could get so much in a trunk, and get it in so neatly. How she used to lecture me for my disorderly habits. I think I have improved somewhat, but I will never be so neat as Miss Gaskell was."

"Not so prim, perhaps, but just as neat," James answered.

They found some letters, but they were yellow with age. There was not a line found that could aid them.

"I will inquire at the postoffice," said James, "it is possible that the companion of whom she talked in her delirium may have written."

When James returned he brought two letters. One had been written several weeks. They found upon reading them that the person writing had intended traveling with Miss Gaskell, but had been detained on account of sickness. The second letter was the announcement of her death.

Quite a sum of money belonging to Miss Gaskell was found, and when all bills incident to her illness had been paid there was over \$100 left.

Just before Ida and James were about to leave the hotel the proprietor brought in a package and, giving it to Ida, said:

"This was with Miss Gaskell's trunk and, thinking it might contain valuables, I put it in the safe."

Taking the bunch of keys found in Miss Gaskell's trunk the small metal box was opened. A neatly folded paper lay on top. Opening it Ida read:

"In case of my death, send my effects to Waltham Bros., Bankers, New York City. (Signed) DORA GASKELL."

James wrote to the bankers, giving them an account of Miss Gaskell's illness and death, and inclosed the bills and receipts for the same, and then the trunk and box were sent to New York.

All were in a state of expectancy at Fairview farm. The travelers were coming home.

"Dearer than ever," said Jennie.

Andrew said: "I know I can't wait until tomorrow. It has been an awful long time since I saw my mama, and it seems most as long since I saw my papa."

The next evening Rollin came to the door and said: "Andrew, my man, are you ready to go?"

"Oh, Uncle Rollin, am I to go? I thought Aunt Jennie and Blossom would go with you."

"No, Andrew, we want you to go."

Very handsome the boy looked. His grandfather had bought him a navy blue suit, with a cap to match, and as he kissed Blossom goodbye Jennie noticed the contrast. A fair face, with but a tinge of pink, blue eyes and golden hair; the other face, dark red cheeks, hair a glossy black, and large brown eyes.

After a few moments wait at the depot the sharp whistle of the incoming train was heard.

"A little longer, my boy," Rollin said as Andrew started to the gate.

Just then Rollin's attention was attracted in another direction, then he heard "Oh, mama, mama!" "My precious boy!" and when he looked around he saw Andrew clinging to his mother as though he was afraid she would leave him again.

"Did you miss mama so much, dear?"

"It was awfully lonesome, mama." Ida whispered something to him and he turned to James and said "Papa, I am glad you have come back," and then Andrew kissed his father.

After a cordial handshake with Rollin they started for the farm, Andrew sitting between Ida and James holding a hand of each.

"I did not know that you were so lonely, my man," Rollin said to Andrew.

"I didn't say anything about it to anyone 'cept Blossom and Snowflake."

"Snowflake?" said Ida inquiringly.

"That is the name of the fawn you sent me, mama." And then he launched into the beauties and perfections of his pet. "But, mama, Blossom is the sweetest baby. She is getting prettier all the time, and Aunt Jennie says I am a great help to her, for Blossom likes to stay with me."

When the carriage stopped at the gate Uncle Andrew took Ida in his arms, and though he tried to keep his voice steady it was with a visible effort as he said:

"Ida, you head-strong girl, you will have to be put in chains to keep you out of danger."

"It is all right, father mine, you know I could not endure the chains, for they would make me rebellious; but oh, father, I am glad to see you."

A warm welcome was received from Aunt Marian, Sam and Mary, but when Jennie clasped Ida in her arms the welcome was too deep to put into words. The love existing between the two women had been of steady growth. Ida had thought that she could not feel a deeper affection for any person than she did for Jennie who had been so truly her friend when forsaken by all others, but when through her efforts Jennie's life had been saved, the love had deepened and strengthened. It was the love of sister and friend combined.

The travelers went to their rooms and soon were refreshed and had all dust removed. There was a tap on Ida's door and Jennie entered:

"I could stay away no longer. Ida, my eyes ached for a sight of you. Tell me, dear, of Miss Gaskell."

Ida told all the story, beginning at the first.

"But, Jennie, who would think of a romance in her life? When we were looking through her effects I found a bundle of letters. Thinking we might find the writer to be a friend of whom we could inquire in regard to her I opened a letter, but found it was dated years ago and was from a lover, Howard McDonald. Love is the same everywhere, in all times and places. Even the expression of it does not change. Think of her keeping those letters all these years!"

"I knew she had a sympathetic heart, but I never thought of her in connection with any love affair."

While they were talking sounds of fun and frolic reached them and Andrew's merry laugh rang out.

"James and Andrew are having a merry time," Ida said, and then she exclaimed: "Oh, Jennie, I am so thankful that at last I am to have a little happiness. As kind as you have all been, and as dearly as I have loved you and my boy, I was not really happy, but now it is all right. There is nothing like sorrow and trouble to show us our hearts."

"You and James seem fitted for each other, but it does seem to me that it is too much beauty for one family. You know what I think of you, your glass tells you what you are. James is a very handsome man and Andrew is just like his father."

"Yes," said Ida, laughing, "this family contains a great deal of goodness, smartness and beauty, but there are quite a number of us and so we can endure it. I tell you, Jennie, it would be hard to find a happier family, and that is what one really wants, happiness."

Just then James and Andrew came in.

"Andrew was afraid his mama had been smuggled away," said James, "and as I was a little afraid of that myself we came to see."

Putting his arm around Ida he drew her to him, saying: "Jennie, I did not know the value of this treasure until I thought I had lost her. Men are fools sometimes and I was the worst."

"There, James, I will not have you call yourself names," and Ida closed his lips with her hand.

When they went to the supper table Jennie said: "Andrew, if you would rather, you may sit beside mama."

He had been sitting by Blossom. He hesitated, and watched while Blossom was seated in her high chair, but when he saw her look for him in his accustomed place he said: "No, I will stay by Blossom."

"You will have to teach her not to pull your curls."

"Why, Uncle Rollin, she doesn't hurt me, and I like to feel her little soft hands on my head."

"That is all right now, but she will hurt you when she gets stronger."

"See to it that she does not pull your heartstrings," said James.

"I don't know what you mean, papa, but I know that little Blossom will never hurt me on purpose."

After supper, while telling her father of Miss Gaskell, Ida told of the letters and mentioned Howard McDonald.

"Howard McDonald," exclaimed Mr. Crawford, "he and I were intimate friends when we were boys and young men, but it has been many years since I heard of him; in fact, I had almost forgotten him. I wonder if it is the same Howard McDonald I once knew?"

Some weeks after their return James Bryington received a letter from Waltham Bros. asking if he could give any information concerning a certain Howard McDonald, to whom, if living, Miss Dora Gaskell had willed her entire property, if not living to his oldest son.

The matter was placed in Uncle Andrew's hands and he began inquiries. After weeks of search a letter came telling of his death. He had died poverty stricken and alone. His wife had deserted him; there had been a son, but no trace of him could be found up to date. In order to be sure that his friend was the one Uncle Andrew went to New York, taking a photograph of his friend with him. The metal box had contained the will, bank book and other valuable

papers, and also a picture of Howard McDonald. When the two pictures were compared they were found to be the same person. Then began the search for the boy. The mother was traced from city to city, but the trail was lost and, seemingly, could not be found. While in Rochester, despairing of success, and ready to return west, Uncle Andrew, in looking over the morning paper, saw an account of the arrest of Dorinda McDonald, the same name as that of his friend's wife. He went to the police station, and gained permission to speak to the prisoner. Sullen and obstinate, she at first would not talk, but Mr. Crawford's kindly manner disarmed her, and when he told her that Howard had been his boyhood friend, and that he wanted to know something of him, she said:

"Howard is dead; he died three years ago. We had been married nine years when I left him. He was older than I, but I thought he had money, and he had the reputation of being proof against all women, and so I pretended to love him. Yes," she said with a harsh laugh, "I did the courting, and tired enough I got of my bargain. He had barely enough to live on. I suppose I could have endured that, but I got awful tired of him, and as he seemed to worship the child I got tired of the whole thing, and I took the boy and left. I don't think he cared about me going but he couldn't bear the loss of the child. I covered my tracks so well that he never discovered me. The man who left with me soon got tired of me, and it isn't hard to tell the end. All you have to do is to look at me then you'll know."

"Is the child living?"

"I don't know."

She would not tell what she had done with the child. She would tell nothing about him except that he was 5 years old when she took him from his father. Finding further efforts useless Uncle Andrew went to his hotel. The next day he went to see the woman again; this time he told her that he would give her \$100 if she would tell him where the child was.

"I don't know where he is, but I can tell you where I left him."

"Very well, tell me where you left him, and if I find that you have told the truth the money is yours."

The amount promised was put in the jailer's hands to be given to Dorinda McDonald if her story proved true, if not true it was to be returned to the owner.

"Now I'll tell you. I left him at the foundling's home in New York City."

Uncle Andrew went to the home and found that a boy by the name of Howard McDonald had been left there at the date given and that a farmer in Woolford county had taken him.

"We have heard from him once. The farmer says that he thinks too much of his books to ever be much of a farmer."

The money was placed in the mother's hands. When asked if she would wish to live on a farm with her boy she heartlessly answered, "Good lord, no; he was always more trouble to me than he was worth, and I would die on a farm."

That was the last Uncle Andrew saw of Dorinda McDonald. Some months later there was an account of her death in one of the dailies. She had been killed in a saloon brawl.

(To be continued.)

HOW SOME PEOPLE LIVE.

It has been said that "one half of the world does not know how the other half lives," but to satisfy one's curiosity on this point he has but to take his place in the rank and file of the labor army and drift with the tide.

The average worker in the country and on the farms, as well as many in the city, are unable to realize the hardships which the floating-labor element endures in its struggle for existence. Those who have the cheer of home life to welcome them each evening after a hard day's labor have much in life to be thankful for in comparison with their less fortunate brothers who are homeless. Words cannot describe the miserable condition which some pass through. The writer of this landed in Portland in search of something to do and, not succeeding in finding anything, went to one of the employment agencies. There I found that the Columbia paper mill company at LaCamas, Wash. (the controlling interest being owned by the Portland Oregonian) wanted 100 men to use pick and shovel. The office fee was \$1, fare 50 cents, both of which would be advanced, and deducted from wages. There would be three weeks work, with board \$3.50, and dry digging.

I decided to go, thinking a few days at \$1.75 might give a little cash. I went aboard the steamer with the last shipment of men, and landed in the town at 3:30 p. m. to find that the hundred that had preceded us had been stowed away in barns and vacant houses, with only straw furnished them to sleep upon, and not having been able to obtain any supper. I, with the others, repaired to our lodgings to find the floor already nearly covered with blankets as evidence that use and occupancy was their title to that much of space. We finally discovered an unoccupied portion and unrolled our blankets and turned in. In a few moments it commenced to rain and there was no place in that barn where it did not leak; and men, who had worked that day in the rain, were trying to dry their clothes for the morrow. Others had gone to bed expecting to dry their clothes upon them, and finding that they not only had to work in the rain by day but sleep in the rain at night, cursed everything in sight—the fate that brought them there and those who were the means of their coming. Morning came at last as a relief. The dry digging proved to be mud and slush which required rubber boots and suits to keep dry. Many, not being able to buy them, either returned to the city or worked all day with wet feet and clothes. Instead of the three weeks work promised there were but ten days, one day's wages was required to pay the employment agent. Had the Oregonian desired, this fee might have been saved by simply putting an advertisement in the paper, but now it is only by keeping such men down that they are enabled to live off their earnings. There is little hope of aid from that class of men in solving the labor problem. They scarcely think. They have no time and no desire to occupy their minds with social themes.

A. SLAVE.

Men's actions (their deliberate and conscious actions) all have the same origin. Those that are called virtuous and those that are designated as vicious,

great devotions and petty knaveries, acts that attract and acts that repel, all spring from a common source. All are performed in answer to some need of the individual's nature. All have for their end the quest of pleasure, the desire to avoid pain.—Kropotkin.

GOODBY.

A country minister in a certain town took permanent leave of his congregation in the following manner:

Brothers and sisters, I come to say goodbye. I don't think God loves this church, because none of you ever die; I don't think you love each other, because I never marry any of you; I don't think you love me, because you have never paid me my salary. Your donations are mealy fruit and wormy apples, and "By their fruits ye shall know them."

Brothers, I am going away to a better place. I have been called to be chaplain of a penitentiary. "Where I go you cannot come; but I go to prepare a place for you," and may the lord have mercy on you. Goodbye.—Ex.

INFORMATION.

The land owned by the Mutual Home Association is located on an arm of Henderson bay known locally as Joes bay, and is 13 miles west from Tacoma on an air line, but the steamer route is about 20 miles.

The association is simply a land-holding institution, and can take no part in the starting of an industry. All industries are inaugurated by the members interested and those willing to help them. Streets are not opened yet and we have no sidewalks. Those thinking of coming here must expect to work, as it is not an easy task to clear this land and get it in condition for cultivation. There are 72 people here—21 men, 19 women and 32 children. We are not living communistic, but there is nothing in our articles of incorporation and agreement to prohibit any number of persons from living in that manner if they desire to do so. Those writing for information will please inclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope for reply.

HOW TO GET TO HOME.

All those intending to make us a visit will come to Tacoma and take the steamer TYPHOON for HOME. The steamer leaves Commercial dock on Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 1 p. m. Leaves Sunday at 9 a. m. Be sure to ask the captain to let you off at HOME.

AGENTS FOR DISCONTENT.

San Francisco—L. Nylan, 700 Sunny-side ave.
Honolulu—A. Klemencie, P. O. Box 800.

VIEWS OF HOME.

1. General View of Home from Rocky Point and entrance to Bay. Two views—one taken in July, 1899 and the other in 1900, showing improvements.
2. Clam Digging.
3. Boat and Beach Scene.
4. Across the Bay.
5. Rocky Point.
6. King Residence.
7. Worden Residence.
8. Adams Residence.
9. Cheyese Residence.
10. Discontent Office.
Price, mounted, 25 cents; unmounted 15 cents. Order by number of DISCONTENT. As new views are taken they will be added to the list.

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ORDER OF DISCONTENT.

Articles of Incorporation and Agreement of the Mutual Home Association.

Be it remembered, that on this 17th day of January, 1898, we, the undersigned, have associated ourselves together for the purpose of forming a corporation under the laws of the State of Washington.

That the name of the corporation shall be The Mutual Home Association.

The purpose of the association is to assist its members in obtaining and building homes for themselves and to aid in establishing better social and moral conditions.

The location of this corporation shall be at Home, located on Joes Bay, Pierce County, State of Washington; and this association may establish in other places in this state branches of the same where two or more persons may wish to locate.

Any person may become a member of this association by paying into the treasury a sum equal to the cost of the land he or she may select, and one dollar for a certificate, and subscribing to this agreement.

The affairs of this association shall be conducted by a board of trustees, elected as may be provided for by the by-laws.

A certificate of membership shall entitle the legal holder to the use and occupancy of not less than one acre of land nor more than two (less all public streets) upon payment annually into the treasury of the association a sum equal to the taxes assessed against the tract of land he or she may hold.

All money received from memberships shall be used only for the purpose of purchasing land. The real estate of this association shall never be sold, mortgaged or disposed of. A unanimous vote of all members of this association shall be required to change these articles of incorporation.

No officer, or other person, shall ever be empowered to contract any debt in the name of this association.

All certificates of membership shall be for life.

Upon the death of any member a certificate of membership shall be issued covering the land described in certificate of membership of deceased.

First: To person named in will or bequest.

Second: Wife or husband.

Third: Children of deceased; if there is more than one child they must decide for themselves.

All improvements upon land covered by certificate of membership shall be personal property, and the association as such has no claim thereon.

Any member has the right of choice of any land not already chosen or set aside for a special purpose.

CERTIFICATE OF MEMBERSHIP.

This is to certify that

has subscribed to the articles of incorporation and agreement and paid into the treasury of

The Mutual Home Association the sum of

dollars, which entitles

to the use and occupancy for life of lot

block , as platted by the association,

upon complying with the articles of agreement.